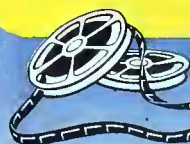




MOTION PICTURE COMICS



JULY NO. 105

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

A Fawcett Publication

10¢

A JOHN HUSTON
PRODUCTION



STARRING
AUDIE MURPHY
AND
BILL MAULDIN



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
MIGHTY CIVIL WAR SAGA BASED ON
THE NOVEL BY STEPHEN CRANE

MOTION PICTURE COMICS

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
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Stephen Crane's Great American Story of the Civil War

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

A John Huston Production

starring

AUDIE MURPHY and BILL MAULDIN

with

DOUGLAS DICK

JOHN DIERKES

ROYAL DANO

ARTHUR HUNNICUTT

Screenplay by John Huston

Adaptation by Albert Band

Produced by Gottfried Reinhardt ★ Directed by John Huston

An adaptation of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

DEATH HAD REAPED A BLOODY HARVEST
IN THE RAGING HOLOCAUST OF BATTLE.
BUT FOR HENRY FLEMING, A YOUNG
RECRUIT, THE GREATEST FIGHT HAD
STILL TO BE WON—HIS SOLITARY STRUG-
GLE TO DISCOVER THE MEANING OF
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE!

THE YOUTH, HENRY FLEMING.....AUDIE MURPHY
THE LOUD SOLDIER, TOM WILSON.....BILL MAULDIN
THE LIEUTENANT.....DOUGLAS DICK
THE TATTERED SOLDIER.....ROYAL DANO
THE TALL SOLDIER.....JOHN DIERKES
BILL PORTER.....ARTHUR HUNNICUTT



SPRING, 1862. ON THE NORTH SHORE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK, HENRY FLEMING, A UNION SENTRY IS SUDDENLY ALERT.

TWEET!
TWEET!
TWEET!

SOMEONE'S WHISTLING ON THE OTHER SIDE!



WHO GOES THERE?

JUST ME, YANK! MOVE ON BACK INTO THE SHADOWS 'LESS YOU WANT ONE OF THEM LIL' RED BADGES. I COULDN'T MISS YOU STANDING THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT.



THERE'S NO POINT IN US SENTRIES SHOOTIN' AT EACH OTHER, 'SPECIALLY WHEN WE AIN'T FIGHTING A BATTLE. SO IF YOU'LL JUST GET OUT OF THE MOONLIGHT, I'LL BE OBLIGED.

THANKS, REB!



NOW THAT'S MIGHTY POLITE OF YOU TO THANK ME, YANK. YOU SOUND LIKE A NICE FELLER, SO DON'T GO GETTIN' ONE OF THOSE LIL' RED BADGES PINNED ON YOU.



THROUGHOUT THE SPRING OF THAT YEAR, THE ROAR OF BATTLE SHAKES THE LAND, BUT FOR THE UNTRED ARMY OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK, WAR IS ONLY A MATTER OF ENDLESS WAITING AND DRILLING.



ONE MORNING AS DRILL BREAKS UP---

HELLO, WILSON.
HOW'S THINGS?

BAH! WAIT AND DRILL, DRILL
AND WAIT. JUST THE SAME AS
YESTERDAY AND THE DAY BE-
FORE. LOOKS LIKE WE'LL NEVER
GET A CRACK AT THOSE REBS.



YES, SIR! JUST WAIT TILL
TOMORROW AND YOU'LL SEE ONE
OF THE BIGGEST BATTLES THERE
EVER WAS. BUT KEEP IT TO YOUR-
SELF. PROMISE?

YEAH, SURE!
SCUSE ME!
GOTTA SEE
SOMEBODY
'BOUT SOME-
THING.



YOU MEAN
THERE'S
GOING TO
BE A
BATTLE?

YEP! TOM SAYS A
FELLER HE KNOWS
AT HEADQUARTERS
SAW THE ORDERS.
WE'RE GOING UP THE
RIVER, CUT ACROSS
AND COME IN BEHIND
'EM.

WELL, WE'LL
SEE TOMORROW
IF THEM REBS
ARE THE FIGHT-
ERS THEY'RE
CRACKED UP
TO BE.

A BATTLE!
THERE'LL BE
SHOOTING
AND KILLING.
AND IT'LL BE IN
THE THICK OF
IT.



I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT
THAT. I KNOW A FELLER AT HEAD-
QUARTERS WHO SAYS ORDERS THAT
WE'RE TO MOVE UP THE RIVER,
CUT ACROSS AND COME IN
BEHIND THE REBS.

BY
THUNDER!
SO WE'RE
GONNA
FIGHT AT
LAST, EH?



BEFORE LONG, THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILD-
FIRE!

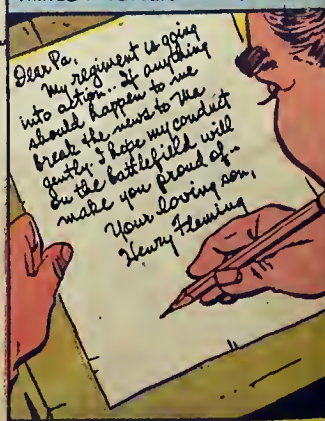
YOU CAN BELIEVE IT
OR NOT, BUT I'M TELLING YOU -
NO MORE DRILLING! FROM TO-
MORROW ON, IT'LL BE OUT AND
OUT FIGHTING.

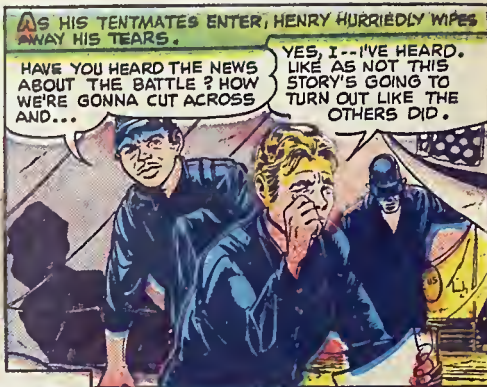
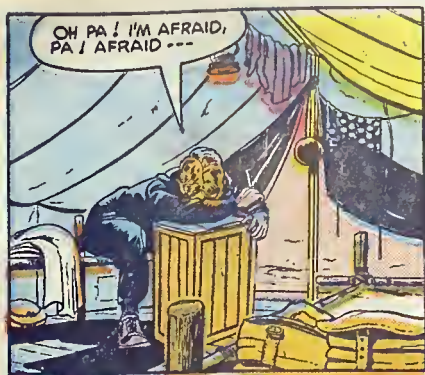
SHUCKS! JUST
WHEN I LAID A
NEW PLANK FLOOR
IN MY TENT.
RECKON THAT
WAS ALL IT TOOK
TO START THINGS
MOVING.

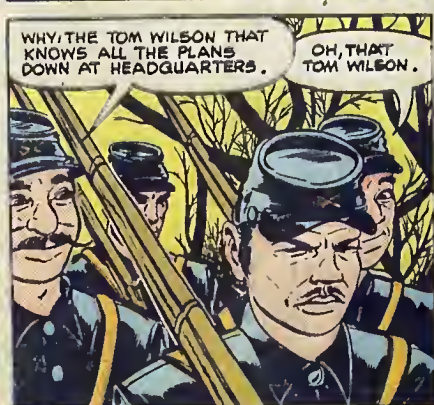
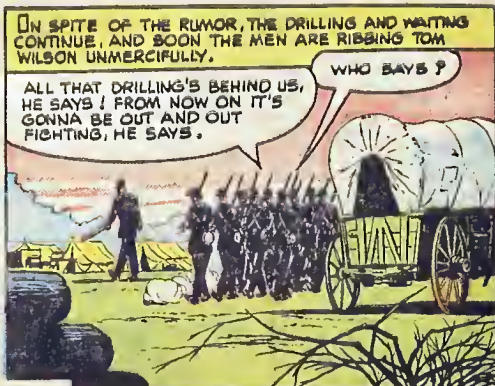


SICK AT HEART THE YOUNG RE-
CRUIT RETURNS TO HIS TENT AND
WRITES A LETTER HOME.

Dear Pa,
My regiment is going
into action. If anything
should happen to me
break the news to the
guys. I hope my conduct
in the battlefield will
make you proud of -
Your loving son,
Henry Fleming







AS THE MEN ARE DISMISSED, YOUNG FLEMING TALKS WITH STRANGE COURAGE.

DRILL, DRILL, DRILL! I'M GETTING MIGHTY SICK OF IT. THESE GUNS MIGHT AS WELL BE BROOMSTICKS. I JOINED UP TO FIGHT, AND WE CAN'T GET THOSE MARCHING ORDERS SOON ENOUGH FOR ME.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, JIM? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

I WISH I WAS FULL OF FIGHT LIKE SOME OF YOU FELLERS. GUESS I JUST AIN'T HIGH-SPIRITED ENOUGH.



HEY, FELLERS! COME ON! TOM WILSON AND BILL PORTER ARE GONNA HAVE A FIGHT.

THIS SHOULD BE A GOOD SCRAP.



THE TWO MEN SQUARE OFF BELLIGERENTLY. THEN SUDDENLY THE BUGLE SOUNDS.

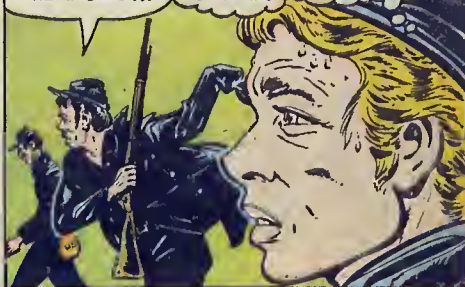
HEY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE ASSEMBLY.

GRAB YER KNAPSACKS, BOYS! WE'RE MARCHING!



MARCHING! YAHOO! JUST LIKE I SAID...

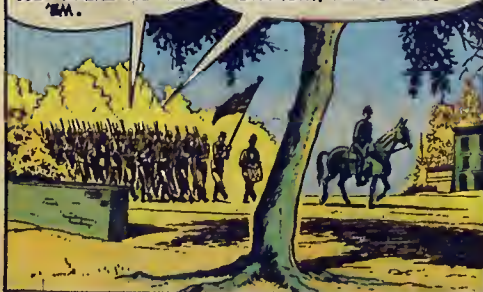
THEN TOM WAS RIGHT. THERE'S GOING TO BE A BATTLE.



BY DUSK THE ARMY IS ON THE MARCH, THE MEN AGOG WITH THE COMING BATTLE.

HEARD SOME OFFICERS TALKING. THEY SAID WE HAVE THE REBS JUST WHERE WE WANT 'EM.

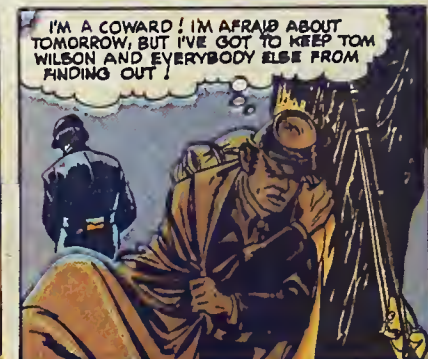
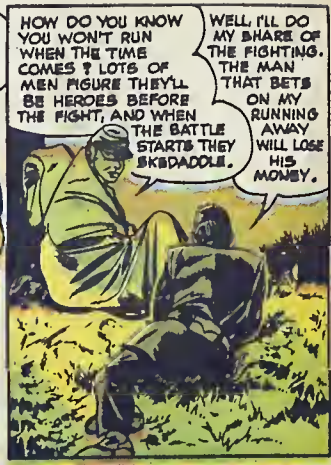
THEY'RE GOING TO WISH THEY STAYED AT HOME. I JUST HOPE THIS GUN SHOOTS STRAIGHT, THAT'S ALL.

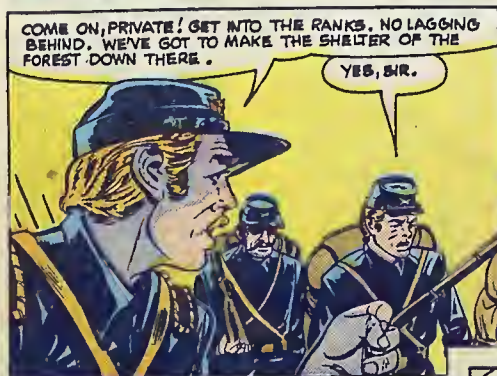
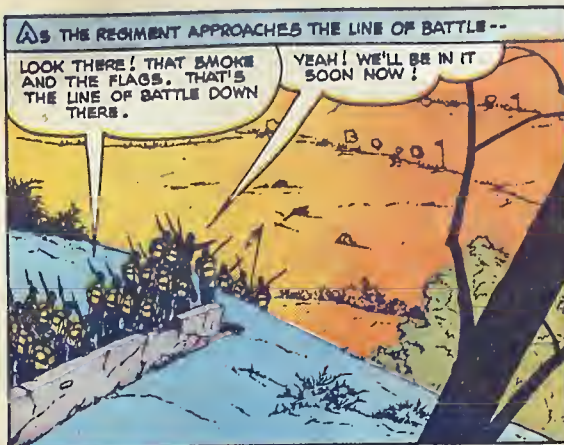


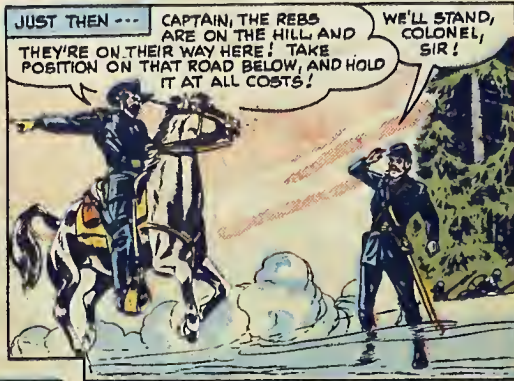
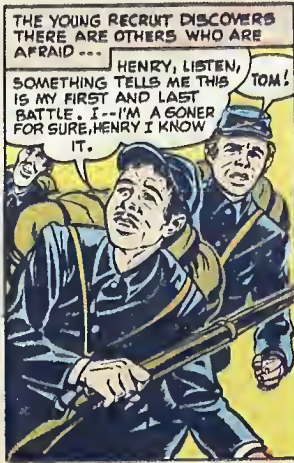
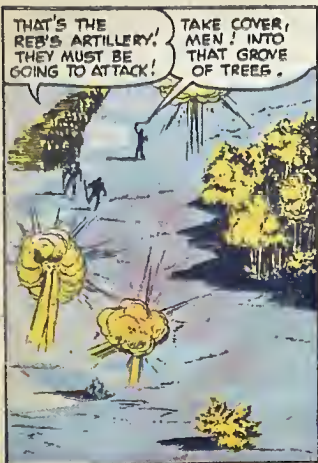
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT GUN, IF I WAS YOU. I'D WORRY HOW STEADY I WAS HOLDING IT WHEN THE REBS CHARGE US.

STEADY! I'LL HAVE TO HOLD MY GUN STEADY. I--I'LL HAVE TO BE CALM.









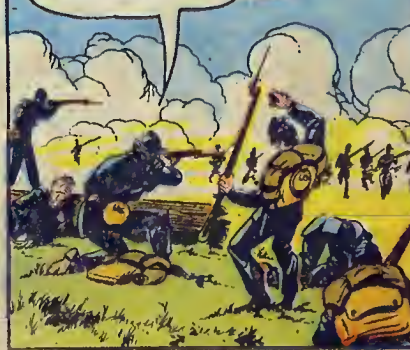
SUDDENLY, THE HILL IS A SCENE OF WILD STAMPEDE---

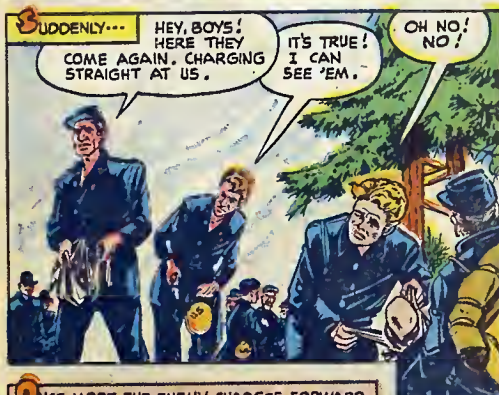
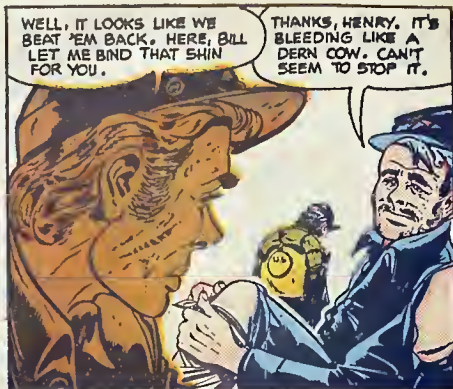


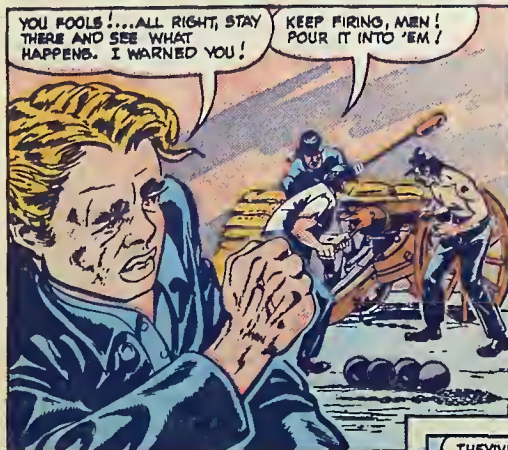
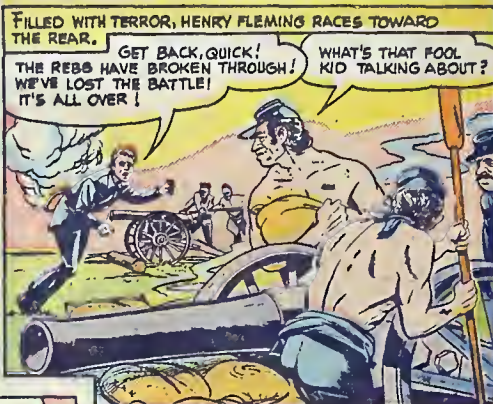
YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM BACK, CAPTAIN! YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM!

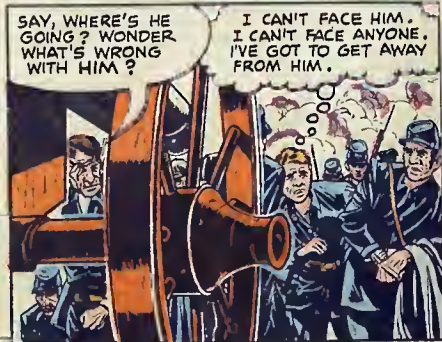


THE SMOKE! I CAN'T SEE A THING, BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP FIRING. I'VE GOT TO!









SUDDENLY, JIM'S FACE WRITHES IN TERROR.

HENRY---HOLD ON TO ME! I'M AFRAID! I'M AFRAID I'LL FALL DOWN AND THEN THEM BLASTED ARTILLERY WAGONS WILL RUN OVER ME!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, JIM! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, I SWEAR I WILL.



WILL YUH, HENRY? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO YOU, HAVEN'T I? AND IT AIN'T TOO MUCH TO ASK, IS IT? TO PULL ME OUT OF THE ROAD? I'D DO IT FOR YOU, WOULDN'T I, HENRY?

YES, I TELL YOU. YES, YES! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.



BETTER TAKE HIM OUTTA THE ROAD NOW, PARDNER. THERE'S A BATTERY TEARING DOWN TOWARD US. HE'LL BE A GONER IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES ANYHOW!



JIM.... JIM, COME WITH ME.

INTO THE FIELD? OH, I SEE! IT'S ALMOST TIME, ISN'T IT, HENRY?



A FEW MOMENTS LATER---

JIM! LET ME HELP YOU, JIM.

GASP! LEAVE ME BE---! DON'T TOUCH ME!



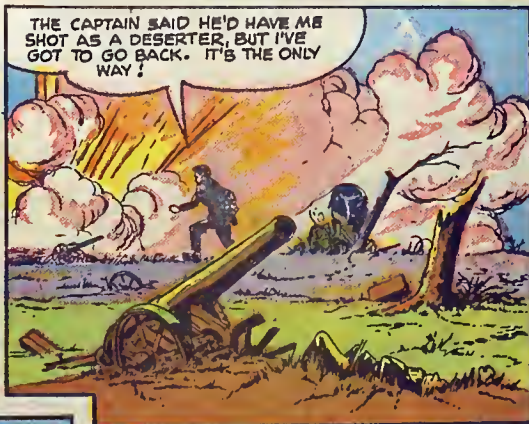
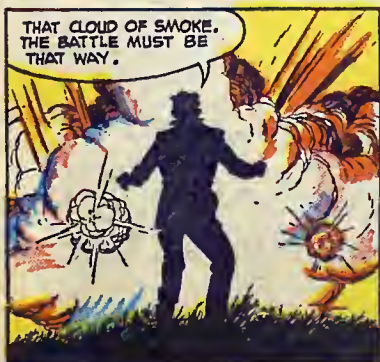
LEAVE ME BE-- FOR-- JUST--A MINUTE.

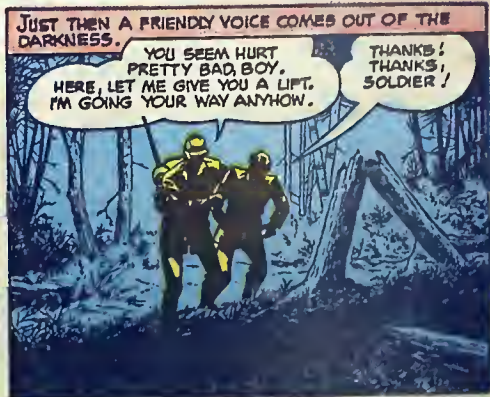
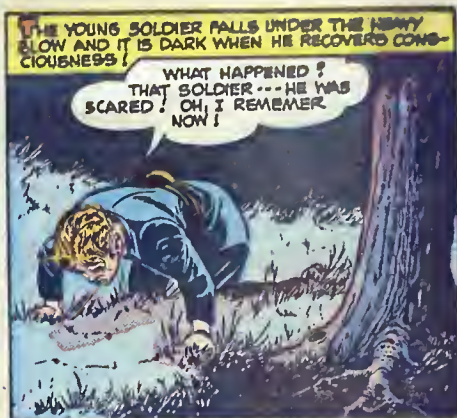
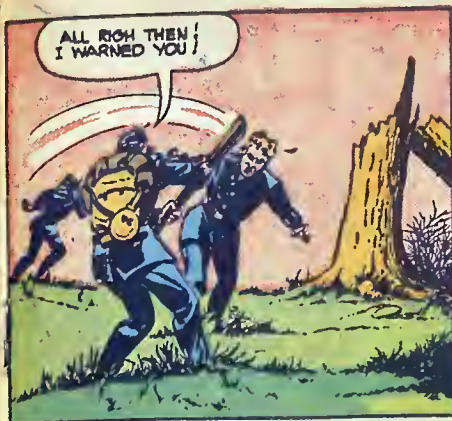


AAHHH!

JIM! OH, JIM!









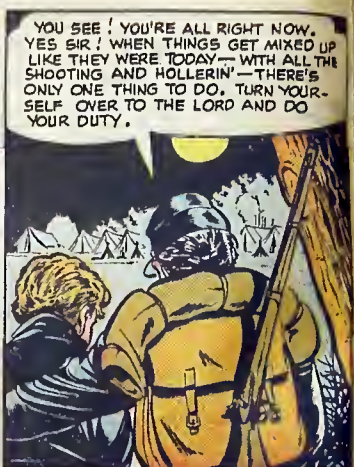
I WONDER WHO WON TODAY -- US OR THE REBS? GUESS NOT EVEN THE GENERAL KNOWS. OF COURSE THEY'LL SAY WE WON A BIG VICTORY. THEY GOTTA KEEP THE PEOPLE'S SPIRITS UP BACK HOME.



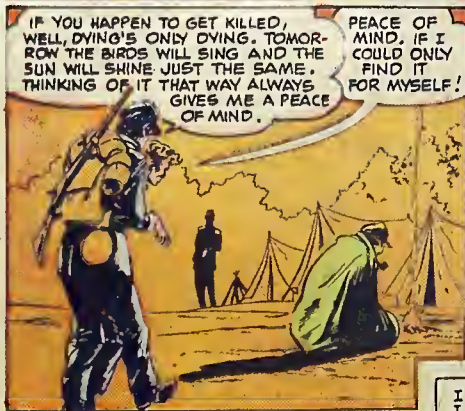
AFTER HOURS OF WALKING IN DARKNESS...

HEY THERE, CORPORAL! YOU KNOW WHERE THE 304 TH IS LOCATED!

WHY, I JUST PASSED IT OVER IN THAT CLEARING BEHIND ME.



YOU SEE! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW. YES SIR! WHEN THINGS GET MIXED UP LIKE THEY WERE TODAY -- WITH ALL THE SHOOTING AND HOLLERIN' -- THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO. TURN YOURSELF OVER TO THE LORD AND DO YOUR DUTY.



IF YOU HAPPEN TO GET KILLED, WELL, DYING'S ONLY DYING. TOMORROW THE BIRDS WILL SING AND THE SUN WILL SHINE JUST THE SAME. THINKING OF IT THAT WAY ALWAYS GIVES ME A PEACE OF MIND.

PEACE OF MIND. IF I COULD ONLY FIND IT FOR MYSELF!



AND THERE YOU ARE! YOUR REGIMENTS OVER THAT WAY BY THE FIRE! GOODBYE, YOUNG FELLER, AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

HEY, IT'S HENRY FLEMING!



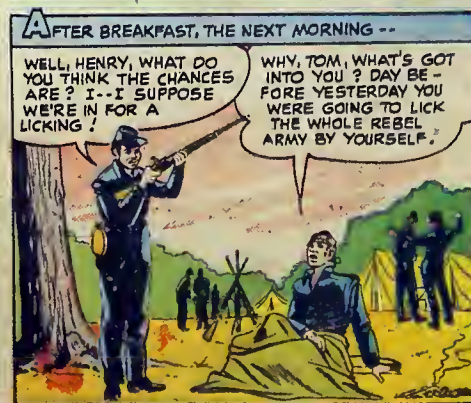
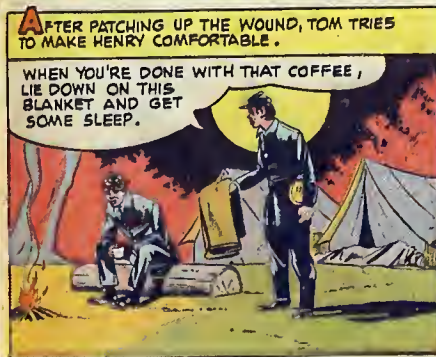
BY GINGER, HENRY! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD, SURE ENOUGH.

I -- I'VE HAD AN AWFUL TIME, TOM. GOT SEPARATED FROM THE REGIMENT. I DON'T KNOW HOW.



I WAS OVER ON THE RIGHT. I NEVER SAW SUCH FIGHTING. I -- ER -- I GOT SHOT, TOO, SEE? IN THE HEAD.

WHAT? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? HEY, CORPORAL! LOOK WHO'S HERE!



I GUESS I DID SOUND LIKE A PRETTY BIG POOL THEN. IT SEEMS LIKE IT ALL HAPPENED YEARS AGO INSTEAD OF ONLY YESTERDAY.



AND, HENRY, I GUESS YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE ME BACK MY WATCH.

WHY SURE, TOM. WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID. "IT'S MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE. SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M A GONER!"



BUT HENRY'S SMILE FADES ---

IT---IT'S SMASHED ---BY A BULLET.



I'M SORRY, TOM. I KNOW WHAT IT MEANT TO YOU. I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING EACH MONTH OUT OF MY PAY FOR A NEW ONE.

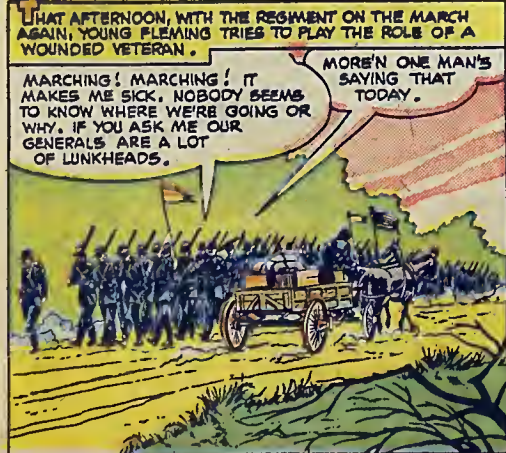
FORGET IT, HENRY, I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED TO THE WATCH INSTEAD OF TO YOU. THAT BULLET WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU SURE.



THAT AFTERNOON, WITH THE REGIMENT ON THE MARCH AGAIN, YOUNG FLEMING TRIES TO PLAY THE ROLE OF A WOUNDED VETERAN.

MARCHING! MARCHING! IT MAKES ME SICK. NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING OR WHY. IF YOU ASK ME OUR GENERALS ARE A LOT OF LUNKHEADS.

MORE'N ONE MAN'S SAYING THAT TODAY.



WE FIGHT LIKE THE DEVIL, DON'T WE? IF WE DON'T WHIP 'EM IT MUST BE THE GENERAL'S FAULT. THERE'S NO SENSE IN FIGHTING IF WE WERE ALWAYS GOING TO LOSE.

MAYBE YOU THINK YOU FOUGHT THE WHOLE BATTLE BY YOURSELF, FLEMING?





WHY, NO-- I-- I--

SHUT UP BACK THERE, YOU MEN! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH GABBLING OLD HENS. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS FIGHT--AND YOU'LL HAVE TO DO PLENTY OF THAT IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES.



ALL RIGHT, LIEUTENANT! THERE'S YOUR SECTOR OF THE BATTLE LINE. DEPLOY YOUR MEN AND FIGHT LIKE BLAZES.



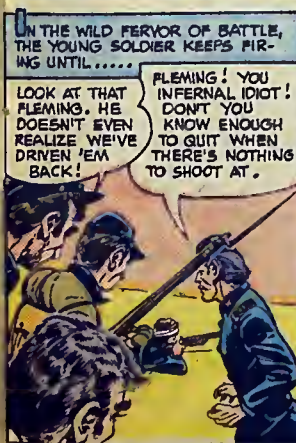
THE ENEMY ATTACKS ONCE MORE.

KEEP FRONT AGAINST THE BANK, MEN! FRONT RANK FIRE! REAR RANK LOAD!

HERE THEY COME!

IF THEY KEEP ON ATTACKING, THOSE REBS BETTER WATCH OUT! OUR BOYS WILL STAND JUST SO MUCH!

HUH! IF THEY KEEP ON ATTACKING, THEY'LL DRIVE US ALL INTO THE RIVER!



IN THE WILD FERVOR OF BATTLE, THE YOUNG SOLDIER KEEPS FIRING UNTIL.....

LOOK AT THAT FLEMING. HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE HE'VE DRIVEN 'EM BACK!

FLEMING! YOU INFERNAL IDIOT! DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO QUIT WHEN THERE'S NOTHING TO SHOOT AT.

I'M SORRY, SIR. GUESS I WAS PRETTY MAD.

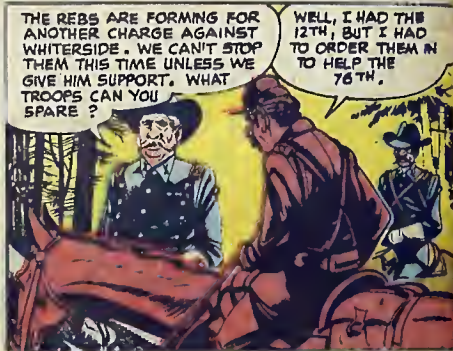
HEAR THAT, YOU MEN? THAT'S WHAT WE NEED TO DO. GET MAD! BY HEAVENS, IF I HAD TEN THOUSAND WILD-CATS LIKE FLEMING, I'D FINISH THIS WAR IN A WEEK.



GOOD BOY, FLEMING!

BY THUNDER! I'LL BET THERE AIN'T ANOTHER REGIMENT LIKE THIS IN THE WHOLE ARMY.





BACK ON THE LINE ---
HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE YOU TO GET WATER ANY-
HOW? WHERE'VE YOU TWO BEEN?



EXCUSE ME, LIEUTENANT. WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK.

ATTACK? WHO SAYS SO? HOW DO YOU KNOW?

THE GENERAL SAID SO HIMSELF. WE HEARD HIM. HE SAID THE ENEMY WAS FORMING FOR ANOTHER CHARGE AGAINST WHITESIDE AND THEY HAVE TO BE STOPPED.



THEN HE ASKED THE OFFICERS WHAT TROOPS HE COULD SPARE AND THE OFFICER SAID THE 304 TH, BECAUSE WE'RE A BUNCH OF...

WELL, ANYWAY, SIR, WE'LL BE ATTACKING ANY MINUTE.



ATTACK, EH? NOW THIS IS REAL FIGHTING!

GUESS THE GENERAL PICKED US BECAUSE HE KNOWS WHAT GOOD FIGHTERS WE ARE.



YES SIR! WE'RE THE BEST REGIMENT IN THIS HERE ARMY.

THE GENERAL KNOWS IT, TOO. HE MUST HAVE SEEN HOW GOOD WE FOUGHT YESTERDAY AND THIS MORNING.



LISTEN TO 'EM, TOM, JUST ACHING TO FIGHT. AND THE GENERAL CALLED THEM MULE DRIVERS.

MULE DRIVERS, EH? WE'LL SHOW HIM.



AS THE REGIMENT LINES UP FOR THE BATTLE ---

THOSE REBS ARE WAITING FOR US! WE'LL GET SWALLOWED UP SURE!

THERE'S NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW. WE'RE ABOUT TO CHARGE. HERE COMES THE LIEUTENANT.





THE REBEL FIRE TEARS THROUGH THE CHARGING
REGIMENT, AS THE YOUNG SOLDIER LUNGES
ACROSS THE FIELD.



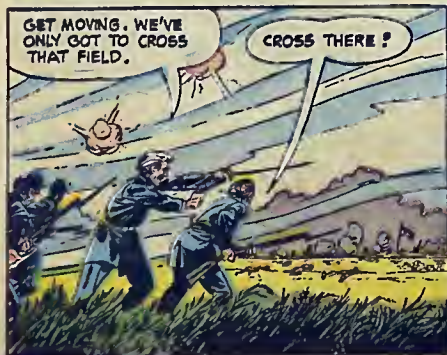
SUDDENLY, THE MEN FALTER!

COME ON, YOU LUNKHEADS! COME ON!
WE'LL ALL GET KILLED IF WE STAY
HERE!



GET MOVING. WE'VE
ONLY GOT TO CROSS
THAT FIELD.

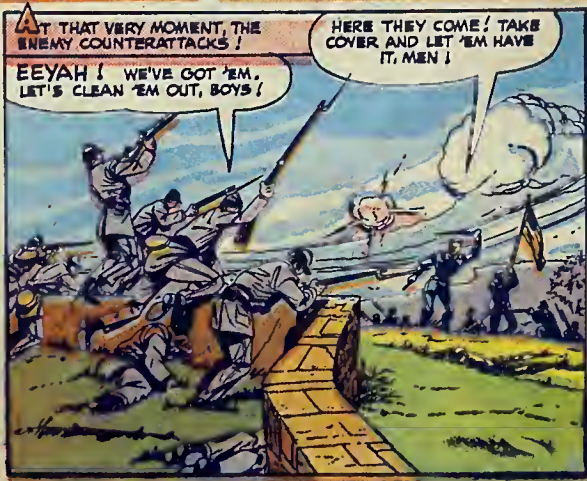
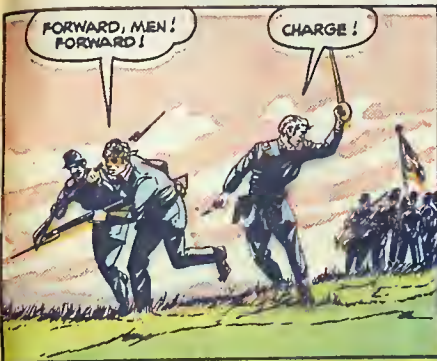
CROSS THERE?



JUST ACROSS THE FIELD.
WE CAN'T STAY HERE!
COME ON, YOU COWARD!

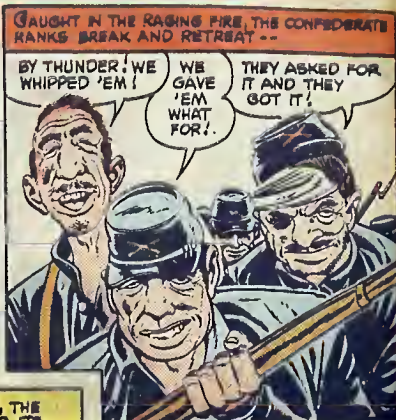
COWARD, AM I?
COME ON YOUR-
SELF THEN!







POUR IT INTO 'EM, BOYS! COME ON, WE'VE GOT 'EM NOW!



CAUGHT IN THE RAGING FIRE, THE CONFEDERATE RANKS BREAK AND RETREAT --

BY THUNDER! WE WHIPPED 'EM! WE GAVE 'EM WHAT FOR! THEY ASKED FOR IT AND THEY GOT IT!



FLEMING, THERE, HE'S A HUNDRED-ER, AIN'T HE? AND WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT? WHY, HE'S HARDLY DRY BEHIND THE EARS.

JUST GOES TO SHOW, YOU CAN'T TELL BY LOOKING AT A FELLER.

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE REGIMENT RETURNS TO ITS LINES...

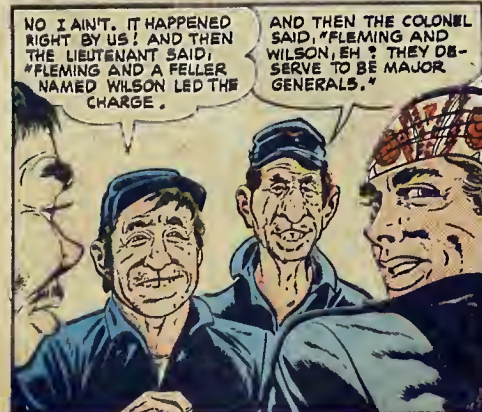
DON'T TELL ME WE ONLY WENT THAT LITTLE PIECE, I THOUGHT IT WAS MILES, AND IT AIN'T NO MORE THAN YOU COULD THROW A STICK.

HEY, FLEMING, WILSON!



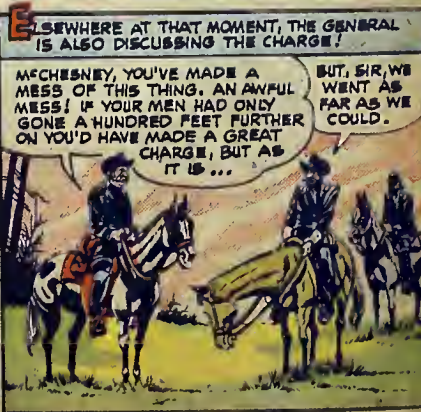
YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN THERE, THE COLONEL ASKED WHO WAS THE ONE WHO CARRIED THE FLAG, THE LIEUTENANT SAID, "THAT'S FLEMING, AND HE'S A JIM DANDY!"

YER LYING, THOMPSON.



NO I AIN'T. IT HAPPENED RIGHT BY US! AND THEN THE LIEUTENANT SAID, "FLEMING AND A FELLER NAMED WILSON LED THE CHARGE."

AND THEN THE COLONEL SAID, "FLEMING AND WILSON, EH? THEY DESERVE TO BE MAJOR GENERALS."



ELSEWHERE AT THAT MOMENT, THE GENERAL IS ALSO DISCUSSING THE CHARGE!

MCCHESNEY, YOU'VE MADE A MESS OF THIS THING. AN AWFUL MESS! IF YOUR MEN HAD ONLY GONE A HUNDRED FEET FURTHER ON YOU'D HAVE MADE A GREAT CHARGE, BUT AS IT IS...

BUT, SIR, WE WENT AS FAR AS WE COULD.

DID YOU, NOOED? WELL, THAT WASN'T FAR ENOUGH. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MAKE A DIVERSION TO HELP WHITERSIDE. THOSE REBEL CANNONS WILL TELL YOU HOW WELL YOU'VE SUCCEEDED.



SPENDER, ORDER BATTERIES TO START FIRING IN PREPARATION FOR ANOTHER ATTACK. I'M GOING TO VISIT THE MEN ON THE LINE.



MOMENTS LATER, ON THE BATTLE LINE, THE MEN SNAP TO ATTENTION.

COME, GENTLEMEN! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO SPARK UP THE BOYS FOR WHAT'S AHEAD!



IT'S THE GENERAL!

AT EASE, MEN!



WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THE REBS A GOOD LICKING TODAY, AREN'T WE, BOYS?

WE'LL TRY, SIR!



BY THE WAY, WHAT ARE YOU HAVING FOR SUPPER TONIGHT?

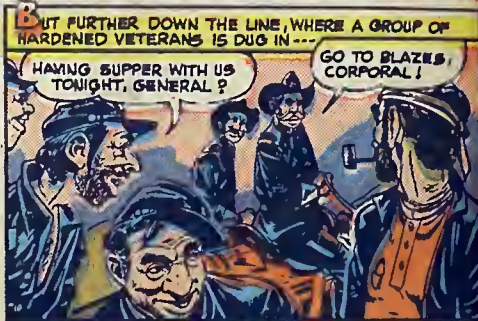
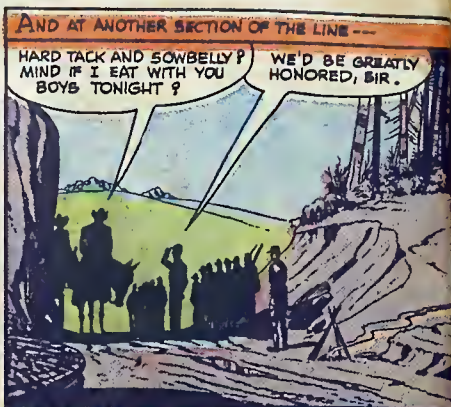
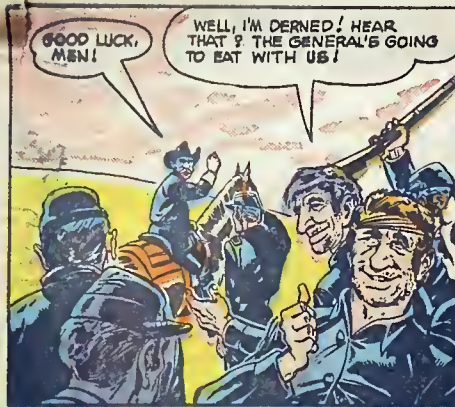
HARDTACK AND SOW-BELLY, SIR!



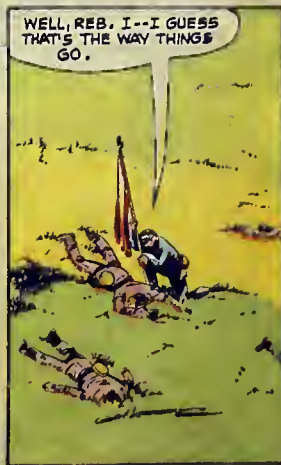
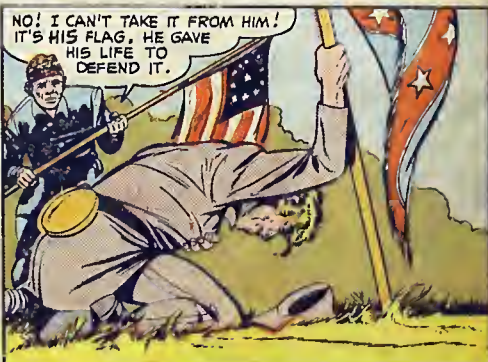
I'LL COME AROUND, IF YOU'LL FIX AN EXTRA PLATE.

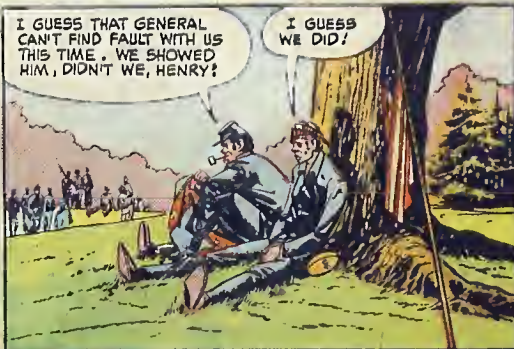
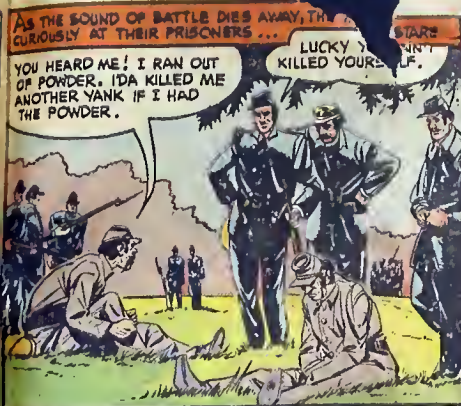
IT'LL BE A GREAT HONOR, SIR!

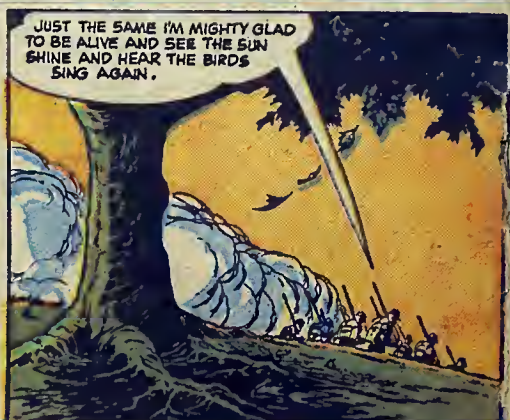
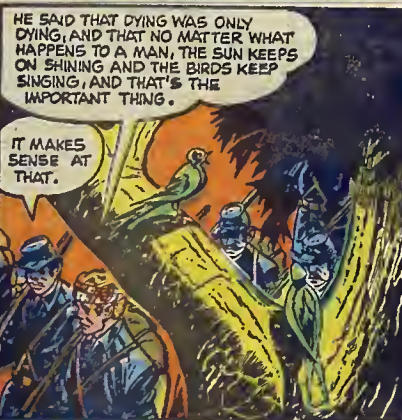
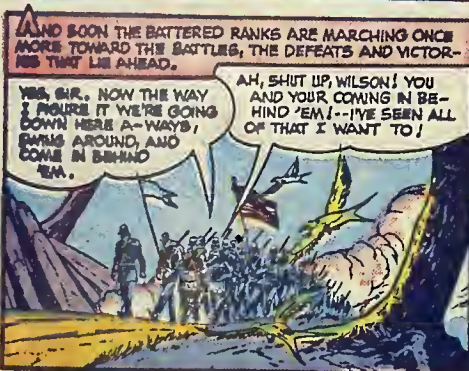














METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
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